

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me;
 Hath made me neere her; and this beuteous Morne
 (The primst of all the yeare) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
 Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou thinkst thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
 So neare *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breacht on me, and that
 I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends
 his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou him thine?
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
 And these house clogges away.

Arc. Deere Cosen *Palamon*,

Pal. Cofoner *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer; tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
 You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz
 Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
 To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that
 Your question's with your equall, who professes
 To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword
 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd
 How much I dare, y've seene me use my Sword
 Against th'advise of feare: sure of another
 You would not heare me doubted, but your silence
 Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which well
 Might justifie your manhood, you were calld (faire
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
 And then they fight like compeld Beares, would fly
 Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to
 His eare, which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
 Though it be rustie, and the charity
 Of one meale lend me; Come before me then
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
 The trespassse thou hast done me, yea my life
 If then thou carry'st, and brave soules in shades
 That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
 Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this
 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,
 Again betake you to your hawthorne house,
 With counsaile of the night, I will be here
 With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will